

Through the Looking Glass

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Summary: Jace has finally made it back to Clary after weeks apart. But can he convince her to join him and Sebastian? **ONE-SHOT from CoLS in Bound Jace's POV**

Through the Looking Glass

AN: Okay, so I get a LOT of PM's asking me if I plan to write all the books, and many more asking me how I would write Jace in COLS_â€_if I _could_ write Jace from COLS. Because, you know, he's bound to Sebastian. I usually always answer with a "I don't know," because . . . honestly the thought of writing Bound Jace was terrifying. But lately I've been getting some ideas. And I just had to write it out! Please do not take this ONE-SHOT as me putting CoL on hold. I just wanted to write this, partly to see if I could . . . partly to get it out of my head . . . and mostly to see what you guys thought of Bound Jace. Is he how you picture him? Please let me know!_

* * *

><p>Through the Looking Glass

"Are you sure you know where you're going?"

"Pfft. Of course I do."

"Because you've been there before?"

"Yeah, a few timesâ€_not that I received much of a warm welcome from Jocelyn any of those times. But then, she was put off by me from the first moment we met."

"If it makes you feel any better, I didn't receive a warm welcome from her the first time we met, either. I hope you're right about my sister."

Bounding expertly up a wall and over a chain-link fence, Jace landed in a crouch on the other side before popping up quickly and flicking the hair out of his eyes. He raised a smug brow and turned to Sebastian, who was leaning lazily against a tree. "You hope I'm right about Clary?" That was like asking if Jace was sure of his left hand.

But Sebastian merely lifted a bored brow. "We didn't exactly part on the best of terms."

"And you're not the same person you were then." Jace said walking up to Sebastian with a cool smile. And then he clapped his friend on the arm as he moved past him, calling over his shoulder with mirth. "If you were . . . well, I'd just _hate_ to have to kill you again."

"I'm sure you would," Sebastian said with a slight grin, falling into line with Jace. "Would you like to take my hand first?" He asked, waving the hand that Isabelle had removed with her electrum whip in Jace's face. It was reattached now and fully functional, but there was still a red scar that ringed his wrist.

Jace slapped it away with arrogant indignity. "Of course not! Hand collecting is _so_ last season. It's all about feet right now; delicate little things they are."

Sebastian gave out a chuckle. "I knew it. You have a foot fetish. I'm not gonna develop one too, am I?"

"Hm, good question. Let me know." And then Jace winked and bounced silently up the steps to the front porch of the old farm house. Behind him, Sebastian leaned against a post and crossed his arms. He looked upset, though it was always hard to tell with Sebastian. All the same, Jace met his eyes sternly. "Seriously, you're not the same person anymore." He said much quieter now that they were in the shadow of the house. "Why do you think I stay? Because of the whole _'I bleed-you bleed issue'_' I wouldn't stay for that. Trust me. I stay because I know you're doing the right thingâ€"that we are."

"Are you going to let us in?" Sebastian asked with a bored sigh, jerking his chin at the door.

"Oh, right!"

Turning toward the door, Jace tried the handle and found it locked. Figuring it would be, he pulled his stele from his pocket and, carving a quick open rune into the door, watched as it swung silently inward. It was dark inside, and with his soundless rune Jace could hear the soft breathing of the inhabitants sleeping inside. He could hear Clary's breath loudest of all and his heart spasmed excitedly. She was hereâ€"he was going to get to see her!

With the soundless runes, Jace also knew that neither he nor Sebastian could be heard walking around . . . but voices still sometimes carried. Not wanting to take chances, Jace merely waved for Sebastian to follow him down the hall to where he knew Clary's room was. She and Jocelyn had moved here with Luke not long after the Mortal War, but he also knew that Clary had been coming here long before that. It was his second home. As he moved further down the

hall, his heart began to hammer more persistently, his skin buzzing with adrenaline. She was on the other side of the door. She would be in his arms soon. Behind him, Sebastian was busy looking intently at the frames that lined the hallway walls. Jace smiled. "Maybe I should go in first and talk to her for a minute. I _ am_ her boyfriend, after all."

When Sebastian said nothing, Jace hesitated. If his friend didn't want to stay out in the hallway, he would completely understand. He knew _he_ wouldn't want to be left sitting in a hallway. It seemed like forever, but eventually Sebastian waved Jace away absently, giving him the go ahead. He was still gazing curiously at the photographs. But Jace didn't hesitate. He was going to get to be alone with Clary. The very idea made his heart sing. Turning away from his friend, Jace opened her door and slipped silently into her room.

And there she was.

Clary was sleeping on her futon bed, like he knew she would be. Her back was to him and her body was half in-half out of the blankets, her fiery red curls fanned across the pillow. She was beautiful. And Jace's heart soared, knowing that she was his. That she possibly still loved him. He could feel the heat spreading out from his lower abdomen as the weeks of separation caught up with him. He had to be near her. Touch her. Even just being across the room from her was too hard to bear.

Removing his weapons belt and kicking off his shoes, Jace moved toward the bed and then slipped silently into it behind Clary. He pulled the blankets around both of them, smelling the lavender in her hair and the salty sweat of her skin as he pressed up against her back, spooning her. He wanted to grab her and ravage her. He wanted to let her know how much he had missed her—"show her. But there would be time for that later. He hoped. Slowly, though it pained him greatly, he traced a lazy finger lightly along her freckled arm—"he loved those freckles"—and watched the goosebumps that chased it.

As if sensing him there, Clary moaned softly. And Jace was excited to watch—"to feel"—her body responding to his touch as she pushed back against him; pressing every part of her into every part of him. He bit his lip hungrily at the feel of her and traced a finger down her arm again. This time Clary pushed her bottom into his pelvis causing Jace's throat to constrict as fire seared through his veins like molten lava. He could do this all night. He was just about to trace a finger down Clary's arm again, when the door opened. It was Sebastian. And he looked bored.

"You haven't woken her yet?"

Jace grinned. "What can I say? She's a heavy sleeper."

"Just hurry up," Sebastian said with an eye roll, though Jace was sure he caught the amused gleam in his friend's gaze. And then Jace sighed as the door shut softly, his heart turning to its normal pace. He guessed it was time to wake her.

Propping himself on his elbow, his head resting on his hand, Jace looked down at Clary again. She looked so beautiful and peaceful in the moonlight that streamed in from the window, reflecting in the

cracked mirror, that he felt it was almost a shame to have to wake her. But he didn't want to keep Sebastian waiting either. It wouldn't be fair to his friend. Jace ran his finger across her arm one last time, his lips pressed to her ear. "Clary," he whispered gently, dropping his arm across her side. "Claaaaaary." And he smiled when she mumbled and burrowed into his embrace. "Clary, you promise you won't scream?"

With another deliciously soft moan and one more subtle move of her bottom against his pelvis that sent Jace's heart pounding thunderously, Clary's body relaxed. It was short lived. Flipping in the blankets, she stared up in both shock and horror at Jace. But there was longing in her emerald eyes, too. Jace could see it as her eyes searched his face. It was him, he wanted to tell her. He wanted to kiss her—he needed to kiss her. He had missed her so much . . . so ridiculously much. And the urge to reach out and touch her again—to pull her against him and feel every part of her body—every soft breathe of skin—was agonizing. Jace watched, mesmerized, as her strawberry lips parted seductively.

She sucked in her breath like she was ready to scream.

Moving quickly, Jace rolled her over faster than she could have prepared for, straddling her hips and pressing one hand tightly over her mouth while pinning her arms over her head with his other. She stared up at him wide-eyed and with . . . was that fear? It couldn't be fear. Clary didn't fear him . . . of course she didn't. She loved him. Maybe she just thought he was a ghost—in which case, she had every right to be terrified. Ghost's weren't exactly the most appealing things to date, after all. Clary blinked and Jace's heart pulsed.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he said softly, earnestly. "I'd never hurt you. But I don't want you screaming. I need to talk to you."

Now Clary was glaring at him, bringing the fire to her emeralds that he loved—even if that fire did promise the threat of an ass kicking. Jace laughed. "I can read your expressions, Clary Fray," he said lightly, playfully. And with the feel of her between his thighs as he straddled her . . . he definitely felt playful. "The minute I take my hand off your mouth, you're going to yell. Or use your training to and break my wrist." The thought was an exciting one. Not the screaming, mind you, and he wouldn't actually let her break his wrist . . . but something about the idea of a little pain with some pleasure excited him. Clary only continued to glare, however, and Jace's smile faltered. "Come on," he pleaded, giving her an innocently crooked smile. "Promise me you won't yell. Swear on the Angel."

Clary rolled her eyes in an overly exasperated way, her hot breath on his palm searing through his veins.

"Okay, you're right," Jace chuckled, seeing it. "You can't exactly swear with my hand over your mouth. I'm going to take it off. And if you yell—" He really hoped she didn't yell. It would really suck. Tilting his head to the side, he studied her before saying solemnly, "I'll disappear."

Jace didn't want to disappear . . . he had just gotten her back. So

he really hoped she didn't scream. Removing his hand slowly, he watched for any sign that Clary might start shouting for help. But she didn't. She just laid there, her breast heaving rapidly as she stared up at him with wide angry eyes. Eyes that loved him. Eyes that had been worried about him andâ€”leaning forward curiously, his body pushing her down under his weight, he studied those eyes. They were smudged with dark sleepless half-circles. He was also acutely aware of the fact that her camisole had been pushed up during their tumble, and that the silky flesh of her abdomen was pushing against the hard flat planes of his stomach. By the Angel, how she made his heart beat. He wanted to kiss her. Would she let him kiss her? And how much time did they have? Wasn't there some rule stipulating that his return from the dead should be rewarded? Surely there was at least time for that. The thought was an exciting one and he leaned closer to her, contemplating which part of her to kiss first.

"Where have you been?" Clary asked suddenly, her eyes searching his. Leaning back, Jace smiled though he couldn't hide his disappointment.

"That isn't really an answer to my question, you know," he grinned, knowing she hadn't exactly heard his question either. And then Jace sighed with exaggeration when she only just stared at him. "I was expecting more of a 'Hallelujah Chorus.' I mean, it's not every day your boyfriend comes back from the dead." He wondered if he should do the suggestive eyebrow wag. But then, he had it on good authority that the eyebrow wag was, in fact, a lot more creepy than it was suggestive. So he probably shouldn't do thatâ€”which was a shame as he had such perfect eyebrows.

Clary was obviously not nearly as amused as he was. But she did seem confused now. Shocked and confused. "I already knew you weren't dead," she exhaled slowly, her eyes never leaving his face. "I saw you in the library. Withâ€”"

"Colonel Mustard?" he teased.

"Sebastian."

So she had been there. He had been right. Jace pressed his lips together and blew out slowly, his body shaking with warm laughter. "I knew you were there too," he told her softly, gingerly pushing back a curl with his free handâ€”his other hand still circling her tiny wrists "I could feel it," he breathed excitedly. He loved the idea of them being able to feel each others presence. And he had also thought he saw her watching them from the loftâ€”had been sure of it. It was why they had come tonightâ€”though it had been tough to convince Sebastian. Eventually Jace's persistence won out.

But Clary's body tensed under his laughter, and she was looking at him like she was angry. "You let me think you were gone," she said with a voice like stretched wire, her eyes hurting. She was definitely angry. And he supposed she had every right to beâ€”which meant he was going to have to make it up to her. Not that he would mind making it up to her. "Before that," she continued, her head shaking and her eyes shimmering. "I thought youâ€”I really thought there was a chance you wereâ€”" Her voice cracked and Clary turned her head away from him. "It's unforgivable. If I'd done that to youâ€”"

"Clary," he whispered, leaning over her again and trying to capture her eyes. She was really upset, and Jace's heart dropped. This was going to require more than flowers. This was definitely going to have to be a diamond studded apology. Jewelry and flowers. But first, the truth. Shifting slightly, Jace felt as Clary's hip bones pressed deliciously into his thighs and he lost his train of thought. What was he going to do? Oh yeah, the truth. Or at least a portion of it. They had to know if they could trust her first. Well, Sebastian did. Jace already knew he could trust her, but he also understood where Sebastian had been coming from. In fact, his friend had been right to question it. But now, Jace could at least be honest about the why.

Readjusting, he stared down at her hungrily. He really wanted to kiss her. Clary's breast were soft against his chest, and he could tell that she was definitely not wearing a bra under her tank top. He brushed her ear seductively with his lips, smelling the Lavender in her hair. "I had to do it," he said, pleading with her to understand that. "It was too dangerous. If I'd told you, you would have had to choose between telling the Council I was still alive"and letting them hunt me"and keeping a secret that would have made you an accomplice in their eyes." He nuzzled his nose against her rapidly throbbing neck. "Then when you saw me in the Library" He remembered how excited and nervous he had been. Had Sebastian seen her too? If not, what would Sebastian think when he found out? "I had to wait," he breathed in the scent of her. "I needed to know if you still loved me, if you would go to the Council or not about what you'd seen. You didn't." He had been so pleased when she didn't. Even Sebastian had admitted to being surprised"something Sebastian didn't do often. "I had to know you cared more about me than the Law." He tilted his head back to look at her. She was still staring away from him, her breath steady but her pulse pounding away in her throat. Jace frowned. "You do, don't you?"

"I don't know," she whispered, turning her head to look at him slowly, her lips so close to him. Her eyes were guarded and searching, and when she spoke, her words came out in trembling breath. "Who are you?"

Jace exhaled, his heart beating rapidly. Flowers, jewelry, the world. He would give her the whole damn world to make up for that pain in her eyes. "I'm still Jace," he told her, smoothing her hair down reassuringly. "I still love you."

It was like watching a dam burst. Clary's eyes welled up, shimmering emeralds in the moonlight, before spilling from the corner of her eyes and tracing glimmering paths down her cheeks. Lowering his head, he pressed his lips to her face, tasting the saltiness of the tears and the sweetness of her skin. He wanted her. He wanted to kiss her. He wanted to taste more of her. But he had to be gentle. It was important that he be gentle. It had hurt him too, not being with her"not touching her. But he was back now. She was his again. He kissed her.

Gently.

Her lips were surprised under his, but she didn't pull away. He took that as consent and pressed forward, opening her mouth with his, sweeping his tongue across her lips before darting it into her mouth. The taste of her drove him wild; their tongues dancing"exploring.

Letting go of her wrists, he traced his hand down her arms. Her skin was soft, like silk. And he could feel the heat exploding throughout his body like fireworks just as Clary's fingers tangled in his hair. Grabbing her by the waist, he ran his hand slowly down her body, past her thigh and knee before hitching her leg up against him. She convulsed with excitement, sending Jace's heart skittering. But he kept kissing her—moving himself rhythmically as he did so. From the crook of her knee, he pushed his hand back up—his fingers digging, exploring. He hesitated when they found the hem of her tank top, but the hesitation was only brief as he began pushing that up too, exposing the heated skin of her stomach. It was hot against his palm.

And then the door opened.

Jace heard the twist of the handle, the nearly silent creak of the hinges. Clary heard it too, and jerked away, shoving at him. Sighing, Jace rolled off her and onto his back. He was still breathing hard, his heart pounding with desire and excitement. But he also felt the slight sting of annoyance toward the boy leaning against the door frame staring at them. The word cock-blocker would definitely be fitting. "Well, well," Jace began, lying comfortably on the mattress with his arm behind his head. Next to him Clary scrambled to sit up. "You may have the worst timing since Napoleon decided the dead of winter was the right moment to invade Russia."

Sebastian rolled his eyes. "That's my sister you're defiling there, you know." But Jace could see the amusement in his eyes—hear it in his voice.

"Sorry," Jace grinned unapologetically. If Sebastian hadn't come in, maybe he would have had the chance to defile her in a wickedly delightful way. But nope . . . Napoleon has an agenda. "We got carried away."

But it was Clary who spoke next. She was staring at Sebastian with deadly eyes, her body tense and ready to strike. "Get out," she hissed.

Sebastian gave Jace a glance that quite clearly said, 'I told you she hates me,' before meeting Clary's angry gaze with his own bored one. "Now is that anyway to talk to your big brother?" And Jace remembered how surprised he had been to learn that, like him, Sebastian used humor to deflect from his true emotions. He was doing it now.

"Magnus should have left you a coatrack." Clary spit back and Jace chuckled. She was a spitfire. God, he loved her.

"Oh, you remember that do you?" Sebastian countered as Jace watched their tit-for-tat without interrupting. It would be a good start for them. "I thought we had a pretty good time that day." Clary reared back, wide eyed, and glanced at Jace, who merely rolled his eyes at his friend. "We should do it again," Sebastian continued lazily, inspecting his nails. "Have some family time."

Clary turned back to Sebastian. "I don't care what you say," she hissed from between her teeth, backing into Jace. "You're not my brother. You're a murderer."

"I really don't see how those things cancel each other out," Sebastian shrugged. "It's not like they did in the case of dear old Dad." And then Sebastian's gaze slipped back to Jace. He looked bored. He probably was bored. "Normally I'd hate to get in the way of a friend's love life—but I really don't care for standing out in this hallway indefinitely. Especially since I can't turn on any lights. It's boring."

Finally, the real reason. Jace just knew all this was because Sebastian had grown bored. But then, he would be bored, too, if it were the other way around. Plus, Sebastian had agreed to come, so Jace supposed that leaving him in a hallway while Jace and Clary made out in a bedroom was rather rude. Though, looking at Clary, he could easily continue being rude. His fingers itched to touch her again. Sitting up, he tugged the parts of his shirt down that had lifted to bare his abdomen. "Give us five minutes."

Sighing overloud and with emphasis, Sebastian gave Jace a 'hurry up' kind of glare before leaving the room for a second time. Clary spun on Jace.

"What the f—"

"Language, Fray," Jace grinned. Though he had to admit, the idea of a dirty mouthed Clary, did give him pleasant chills. "Relax."

She didn't. "You heard what he said," she hissed angrily, gesturing toward the door. "About—"I'll kill him. I'll fucking kill him! Clary shook her head. "He knew I was his sister. Jace . . ." Her voice trailed off . . . her mouth popping open. "Jace, aren't you listening to anything I'm saying?"

Jace blinked at Clary.

And then he smiled.

Of course Sebastian knew Clary was his sister. It would be weird if he didn't, wouldn't it? But then Jace sighed. She was still upset. They had known this would be hard on her. Plus, it was probably awkward knowing that your brother was right on the other side of the door during a heated make-out session. Not that he would know. The last time Jace had a sibling, he was too busy being in love with her—so he was probably the last person who should give advice on the subject. All the same, he reached out and stroked her back lightly.

"Look, I understand if you're uncomfortable with your brother waiting outside in the hallway," he said softly. "I wasn't planning on kissing you." And then he grinned. It was partly true. The other part had wanted to kiss her the moment he walked in and saw her. "It just seemed like a good idea at the time."

With wide disbelieving eyes, Clary scrambled out of bed and grabbed a robe as she stared at him. Jace watched her movements without stopping her. They would need to go soon, after all . . . though, as she covered herself with the fluffy material that swallowed her body . . . he did find himself wishing it wasn't so bulky. She began pacing. "I—I don't even understand," she whispered frantically. "First you disappear, and now you come back with him, acting like I'm not even supposed to notice or care or remember—"

"I told you," Jace said, infinitely calmer than she was. "I had to be sure of you. I didn't want to put you in the position of knowing where I was while the Clave was still investigating you. I thought it would be hard for youâ€œ"

"Hard_ for me?" she said with barely controlled rage now, and Jace frowned. "Tests are hard. Obstacle courses are hard." She glared at him, her eyes hard. "You disappearing like that practically killed me, Jace. And what do you think you've done to Alec? Isabelle? Maryse? Doâ€œ" _I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry, Clary._ "â€œthe searching."

Jace cocked his head serenely to the side, staring at her. "Oh yes," he said suddenly, jerking his head giving her a wide smile. He missed his family, of course. Just how much did they miss him, he wondered. He hadn't seen any flyers or anything. "I was going to ask, _is_ everyone looking for me?"

She looked bewildered at his question. It was endearing. And sexy. "Is everyoneâ€œ" Clary shook her head and pulled her robes, to Jace's chagrin, tighter around herself. It really was too bulky. But instead of asking her to take it offâ€œeven though he really, really wanted her to take it offâ€œJace only shrugged. Maybe it was her way of trying to keep him focused. Her body really was distracting after all.

"I was hoping they'd put up flyers like they do for lost cats," he explained with a grin. _"Missing, one stunningly attractive teenage boy. Answers to 'Jace,' or 'Hot Stuff.'"_

"You did _not_ just say that," Clary breathed, stopping to glare at him.

And Jace's grin faltered slightly. "You don't like 'Hot stuff'?" he asked. And here he had thought that 'Hot Stuff' had been quite fitting for him. For obvious reasons. And then he smiled again. Maybe it just wasn't what _she_ preferred. "You think 'Sweet Cheeks' might be better? Or 'Love Crumpet'?" he asked, watching with his arms resting casually behind his head, as she stared at him dumbfounded. Her perfect lips in a perfect o. "Really that last one's stretching it a bit. Though, technically, my family is Britishâ€œ"

"Shut up."

Jace stared, his mouth hanging open at Clary. Her tone had been ferocious. What had he said? But Clary only shook her head as she turned away from him.

"And get out."

This was going all wrong. "I . . ." Jace brow furrowed before he glanced up at her in surprise. He knew she would be upset at first, but he had honestly thought that once he came backâ€œonce she saw himâ€œshe would be relieved. That she would understand that he did it for her. Jace sighed. "All right, fine. I'll be serious. Clarissa, I'm here because I want you to come with me."

Her face went blank. "Come where with you?"

"Come with me," he said again, more intently now, "and Sebastian." He couldn't tell her where just yet. That part had to wait. "And I'll explain everything."

Clary frowned as she looked at him. He hated seeing her lips tugged down like that. He always wanted to make her smile. And if she came with him, he could make sure she was never sad again. But she only shook her head. "The last time I 'came with you somewhere.' I wound up knocked unconscious and dragged into the middle of a black magic ceremony."

"That wasn't me," Jace said with disregard. "That was Lilith."

"The Jace Lightwood I know wouldn't be in the same room with Jonathan Morgenstern without killing him."

Jace opened his mouth and then closed it, staring at her. And then he gave her a slight crooked smile. "I think you'll find that would be self-defeating." Reaching over the side of the bed, he snatched his boots up and shoved them on without sitting up. And then he shrugged. "We are bound, he and I. Cut him and I bleed." Not that it was all bad. They shared each other's strengths, too.

Clary was gaping at him. "Bound?" she asked slowly. "What do you mean, _bound?_"

And Jace flipped his hair back out of his eyes, staring up at her curiously. How could he explain it? Well, he couldn't really . . . not yet. Sebastian had said it might not be a good idea to lay out everything for her right away, and Jace agreed. But this was Clary. Jace knew her better than anyone. He also knew that if anyone was going to see how wrong they had been about Sebastian, it had to start with her. If she trusted her brother like Jace did, why wouldn't the others? "This is bigger than you understand, Clary. He has a plan. He's willing to work, to sacrifice. If you'd give me a chance to explainâ€"

"He killed Max, Jace," she breathed incredulously. "Your little brother."

And for just a moment, a rage so deep engulfed Jace. It startled him, that rageâ€"confused him. He didn't understand it. But it was gone just as quickly. "That wasâ€" he swallowed, "â€"it was an accident." And then he looked up at Clary. Surely she, better than anyone, understood about accidents? "Besides," he began, thinking of Sebastian. He had been raised by Valentine just like Jace had. Though separated, they had shared in their father's anger and cruelty and punishments. They had endured. They understood one another. "Sebastian's just as much my brother."

"No." Clary's tone was panicked as she approached him slowly, her eyes searching his face. "He's not your brother. He's mine. God knows, I wish it weren't true. He should never have been bornâ€"

Jace bolted up, throwing his legs off the bed. "How can you say that?" It took everything not to shout it at her. And then he glanced at the door. Had Sebastian heard her? Jace would have expected something like that from Jocelyn, but to hear it from Clary? About her own brother? Snatching up his weapons belt, he fastened it on.

"Have you ever considered that maybe things aren't so black and white as you think?" He snapped up at her. And did she really think so little of him to assume he had not already questioned Sebastian about this himself? If he, who was Max's adopted brother, had understood and accepted what happened . . . why couldn't she? "There was a war, Clary," he said impatiently when she just stared at him. "And people got hurt. Butâ€"things were different then. Now I know Sebastian would never harm anyone I loved intentionally. He's serving a greater cause. Sometimes there's collateral damageâ€"

"Did you just call your own brother _collateral damage_" She had nearly shouted in her anger, and Jace glanced again at the door, cautiously this time. Had anyone heard her? He waited, but no one came in. Taking a breath, he looked back toward the only other person he would be willing to die for. She was so stuck on the Max thing, he wasn't sure if she could hear anything else he was saying.

"Clary, you're not listening," he sighed. She had her arms crossed protectively, staring at him like he was insane. But he wasn't insane. He just wasn't blind anymore. And he loved her. Didn't that count for something? He wanted to hold her against him and never let her go. "This is importantâ€"

"Like what Valentine thought he was doing was important?"

"Valentine was wrong," Jace insisted without missing a beat. "He was right that the Clave was corrupt but wrong about how to go about fixing things." The corners of his mouth ticked up, then. "But Sebastian is right. If you'd just hear us outâ€"

"Us," she breathed in horror. "God. Jace . . ."

Jace took a breath, his heart hammering in his chest. Had it been a mistake to come? Had he been wrong about her? The thought drove him crazy, and he had to lace his fingers together to keep himself from reaching for her. She was his. She _had_ to believe him. She _had_ to understand. He blinked, looking up at her from under his lashes. Even in the bulky robe, she still looked amazing. He loved her. Didn't she realize that? He loved her so much it hurt. "Clary?" He said her name with uncertainty, his head listing to the side as he gazed longingly at her. "You doâ€" He almost couldn't ask it. If she said no . . . he didn't know if he would be able to go on living. "You still love me, don't you?"

"I love Jace Lightwood," she said quietly. "I don't know who you are."

"She knows."

Laughter filled his head.

A scream rent the air followed by breaking glass.

And Clary bolted from the room.

Jace scratched his head and sighed. He had never been one to play 'hard to get'. If anything, he was usually the one that _was_ hard to get. Look at him, for crying out loud. He was gorgeous. But he would play it for Clary, if that's what she wanted. She would come around eventually. She had to. She was his.

And then he was on his feet, his body alert as he sprung out of the room and down the hall after her.

* * *

><p>Please Review!_

End
file.